

Ride by NeroAnne

Series: [Stonathan Week 2017 \[3\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: And Lonnie and Steve's dad whose name is Andrew bc idk why, Implied Murder, M/M, Mentions of Joyce and Hopper too, Mentions of Will - Freeform, SOA inspired, implied sex, underage drinking and drug use

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Summary:

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Jonathan shook his head slowly, lips curving into a smile, “There is no one that could ever replace you in my heart, Steve Harrington. You know that.”

“Then I’ll be coming back for you,” Steve promised, voice unwavering. “And we can ride on my bike and I can teach you to love riding again.”

Ride

Author's Note:

Day 3: Stranger Fusion!

A day dedicated to creating something in the universe of a show or movie of your choosing! Just put Steve and Jonathan as if they were the main characters of a movie you love, or in an episode of your favorite show!

He'd known that having Billy Hargrove patched into the club was a bad idea.

Everything about the blue-eyed man made Steve uncomfortable but even he couldn't deny that Billy was a phenomenal scrapper. The guy could take and dish abuse like no one he had ever met before, and he was always able to get their money from buyers, knew which people to sell to get the highest profit.

But fuck, Steve had known this would happen.

He blinked his eyes open with a deep groan, immediately bringing a hand up to shield his eyes from the white walls and the fluorescent lighting of the hospital. "Son of a bitch," he muttered, head ringing. He moved his fingers to the back of his head, hissing as his fingertips made contact with a thick bandage, but he could feel the damn bump even from underneath the protective layer.

"That would be where the gun clocked you."

Steve turned to the door. His eyes slid up the familiar body, decked out in blue scrubs and a white coat, and he smiled charmingly, easing back onto the bed as he finally stared into brown eyes full of disappointment. "Hey, doc. Nice of you to bandage me up. Wish I were awake for some of it, I bet you were real nice and gentle with me."

"Steve," Jonathan said, voice quiet. "Stop it."

Steve's grin fell. He looked away from the ex-club member, catching sight of the chair to his left and scoffing as he noticed that it was full of stuffed toys. "What the hell is that?"

"The prospects decided to come by and drop them off. The Saints feel awfully bad about not trusting their president on his judgment of the new recruit." Jonathan walked over to the stuffed toys, picking up a furry white dog and perching it on top of the clipboard he was holding, "This one is from Will."

Steve sighed, seeing the way Jonathan's fingers stroked the stuffed toy, "Your brother isn't going to join the club. None of them will be joining the club," he told Jonathan, truly meaning it, "I let them ride along and they do some cleaning at the club-house but none of them are going to get a cut and they won't be allowed to do any runs."

The Hawkins Storms and Saints Motorcycle club had been founded by Andrew Harrington back in the sixties. As the only son, Steve naturally settled into his role in the club when he became eighteen and it was in the club that he'd met Jonathan Byers, the seventeen-year-old son of club member Lonnie Byers.

It was bad. The Saints was full of criminals, more than Steve's father could ever hope to realize. They would do side-deals with rivals, send spies and in the end there would be all out wars for territory all over Hawkins.

Andrew wasn't a great leader. It was never his intention for the club to be so full of eventual traitors but he still never thought to end the club. He led the charge against violence and his VP at the time, Lonnie Byers, was absolutely no better.

Lonnie was an unpredictable and violent man, with a penchant for extorting people at their lowest points. He'd dragged Jonathan into the club-life, forcing him to become a member, to get the Saints tattoo and beat people late on payments, all against his will.

Steve remembered kissing that storm tattoo, remembered its location on the small of Jonathan's back, right in between beautiful dimples, and remembered feeling Jonathan's fingers trace the double S and crashing wave he'd gotten tattooed on his own rib-cage, and could

remember the sound their skin made as he fucked into his younger lover so many years ago.

When Andrew Harrington had been shot during a deal gone wrong when Steve was just six months shy of turning nineteen, he had been left the club and all its members. The Storms and Saints had a new leader.

Lonnie had gone berserk with the news that he wouldn't be promoted to President, claiming that he should be the rightful leader, that Steve was too young and that he would ruin them. Unable to sway the vote fully in his favor, Lonnie had drunk himself stupid and crashed headfirst into a semi while riding on his bike.

Finally free of his father's hold, Jonathan had left the club, leaving Indiana altogether to attend University in New York. Bitter, Steve ended their relationship, unwilling to let the club fall and knowing that Jonathan wanted it to burn. Instead, he'd turned the club around, losing most original members along the way as he shifted away from the more illegal activities Andrew and Lonnie had participated in, but gaining new ones as they flourished.

It took five years, but Jonathan had eventually returned to Hawkins, working in their best hospital as one of its top and youngest physicians. Steve avoided him at all cost, not wanting to pull Jonathan back into the club life-especially not with how things were currently going and especially with how he never got over his feelings for the blonde.

There were dark days ahead. Will Byers was trying to become a member of the Saints. Lonnie's old lady, and mother of Jonathan and Will, Joyce Byers, was vehemently against the idea. It wasn't that she didn't trust Steve, it was that she knew better than most that the club could be dangerous.

Especially with people like Billy Hargrove trying to cause problems. Billy who had recruited in Steve's club and actually gotten a few members to join his cause. To try and push guns to get more money. To go back to more...violent ways of coercing people to abide them.

Hargrove wanted a war, where he would stand victorious as the

leader of a new charter.

The Storms and Saints weren't a gang. They didn't terrorize the community, they protected it. Sure, selling drugs was illegal but Steve was smart about it and with his leadership, they were finding good buyers who wouldn't let the material fall into wrong hands.

Anytime there was a problem of any sort, the Saints would help Hawkins police with anything they needed. Hopper and Steve were close; there was nothing that went on in the club that Hopper didn't already know. Their charter was a close-knit family, all men that Steve knew. Men that could be trusted. Men that wanted to do nothing more than to protect their little town and make it thrive.

Not men like fucking Billy Hargrove, who would constantly try to convince Steve to push guns, a risky and dirty business, that Steve wanted no part of.

"They are associated with the club," Jonathan said flatly as he dropped the stuffed toy, "Will thinks it's cool. He likes the idea of being a treasurer for your damn club." He smiled with no joy, "he hasn't seen the unglamorous side of it."

"It's gotten better since you left *me-it*," Steve corrected, voice quiet, "I've made it better."

"The bump on your skull, caused by the back of a gun from one of your own members, makes that statement questionable." Jonathan said coolly, tapping the clipboard in his hands.

"A loose end," Steve muttered, looking away from Jonathan's gaze, "I'll deal with it." He reached up to touch the back of his head again. "Do I have a concussion?"

"Are you having any problems remembering anything?"

He could remember Hargrove taking him out to the quarry, where he'd said that a potential buyer would meet them. He remembered getting into a verbal fight with the temperamental blonde, remembered telling Billy that he would be voted out, remembered Billy shout back that there would be hell to pay, that a war was

coming, and he remembered turning away to get back onto his bike and then feeling a dull pain in the back of his head.

“Not at all,” Steve said to Jonathan and the doctor nodded, scribbling some things on clipboard.

“Are you feeling nauseous? Sleepy?”

“No.” Steve watched Jonathan scratch something onto the board before he sat down besides Steve on the bed. He watched Jonathan reach into his coat pocket, pulling out a small light. He grabbed Steve’s cheek lightly and Steve sighed, eyes closing as he leaned into that soft palm.

Jonathan had always had warm palms...

“Steve,” that soft voice said, “I need your eyes to be open if I’m going to examine them.”

Right.

Steve opened his eyes, staring into the bright beam as it flashed against his iris. It moved to his other eye and then Jonathan clicked it off. After the little spots had gone away, all that was left was Jonathan’s face. “God, you’ve only become more beautiful.”

“I used to love riding, you know?” Jonathan pulled his lips away from the bottle, swallowing down his mouthful of booze and licking his lips after, handing the bottle back to Steve. They were sitting out at the quarry, their bikes a few feet behind them.

It had been a long day, both looking to finally unwind.

“That was insanely hot,” Steve murmured, watching as Jonathan continued to roll up a joint, “You going to finish it off?” and Jonathan shook his head.

“All yours,” he told Steve, bringing the finished joint up to his lips. He reached into his cut, pulling out a lighter. He inhaled deeply, closing his eyes as he held the marijuana in his system for a few seconds before he blew into the air, the smoke filtering out of his gorgeous lips.

"You don't like riding anymore?" Steve asked, taking slow sips of the beer.

Jonathan snorted, shaking his head, "Haven't liked a damn thing since my dad ruined it all for me."

Steve finished off the beer, tossing the bottle behind him and listening to it break as it hit the ground. He watched Jonathan take another inhale before he handed it over and Steve accepted the joint, bringing it up to his own mouth.

"How'd the deal go this morning?" Jonathan asked, his eyes staring up at the dark sky.

"Fine," Steve replied, exhaling slowly, "Mitchell tried to skimp out on us but we set him straight. Sucks that you had to miss it."

"I had to get my brother to school," Jonathan took back the joint and they were quiet for a while, simply sharing the stick back and forth until it was gone.

"Your dad is brutal," Steve threw out casually, rubbing his eye, "he beat the hell out of Mitchell until he gave in."

"He sure is," Jonathan murmured and then turned to face Steve. He reached up, grabbing the back of Steve's neck and pulling him down into a harsh kiss. Their lips and teeth crashed together and Steve grabbed Jonathan's cut, pulling it roughly off of his slender body.

Bodies spent, they lay down, naked with their clothes piled around them in a makeshift sort of cover. Jonathan gently traced the tattoo on Steve's ribcage, his head tucked under the older boy's chin.

"We should leave one day," Jonathan whispered and Steve opened his eyes, staring up at the stars. The grass felt soft beneath them, his cut laying over Jonathan's lower half so he stroked his fingers around the pale skin of his shoulders instead.

"Leave?" he repeated, "why?"

"I just want out," Jonathan said tiredly. "Out of this damn bullshit."

"You don't like the club?" Steve frowned, "Since when?"

"Since my dad forced me to get a Saints tattoo when I was sixteen. Since he took away my love for motorcycles by forcing me to ride in preparation for the club at thirteen. Since he fucking forced me to join your bullshit club. I hate it. I want out."

*"The fucking abuse, the violence, the way we go after people like dogs going after bones, beating the shit out of them if they're late on a payment. I hate it. I know my dad has killed people. Has yours, Steve? Have **you**?"*

Steve didn't answer at first.

"I can make it better," he murmured finally. "Once I'm president...I'll make it better. For both of us."

"You shouldn't clean up after your father," Jonathan whispered, "It's too much of a mess."

"I'll have you at my side," Steve whispered back, "It will be easier to clean if I have you."

Jonathan said nothing.

"Maybe you do have a concussion," Jonathan murmured, moving to stand but Steve grabbed his hand.

"I've really missed you," Steve said, watching as Jonathan slowly sank back down on the edge of the bed. "It got so dark for me after you left. All my light...it went away. My dad and yours, I know that them getting power-hungry and messing with the wrong people was the wrong way to go." He smiled sardonically, "It was only after they both bit the dust that I was able to get help from your mom's boyfriend to turn the club around."

Jonathan listened, his eyes softening.

"There's something going down now. Billy with all this war shit...but I can handle it. I can make it go away. The club is...the club is stable. I just have to kick the shit out of Hargrove and then I'll show you." He smiled at Jonathan, "I've wanted to show you for a while but I was so sure that you...you must have moved on. You have to have someone."

Jonathan shook his head slowly, lips curving into a smile, "There is no one that could ever replace you in my heart, Steve Harrington. You know that."

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Jonathan shuffled his papers in his arms, bumping his door open with his hip. He stepped in, pausing when he noticed the blonde man sitting and waiting for him. "I'm sorry," he began, confused, "but any appointments have to be made with my secretary."

Blue eyes flashed in amusement, "I'm not a patient, Byers."

Jonathan frowned, shutting the door to his office and moving to set the papers on his desk. "Are you the parent of a patient?" he turned around and took a step back when he noticed the male was standing too close.

"Not at all," the man said, grinning widely, "I'm just here to see if I can tempt you into joining my club."

Jonathan stared at him, warily. "A club?" he repeated, "of what sorts?" it was then that Jonathan noticed the cut leaning against the seat the man he had been sitting on. He slid his eyes back to the male, frowning.

"So, you've caught on," the man smirked before he introduced himself, "Billy Hargrove. You may have heard of me," he shrugged a shoulder, "I'm the one who knocked your ex-boyfriend out and left him for dead at the quarry."

Jonathan tensed, his jaw tightened.

"I know all about you, of course," Billy went on, "Jonathan Byers. Ex-Saint. Son of the famed Lonnie Byers."

"Famed," Jonathan hummed, unimpressed, "I guess he finally got a chance to shine." He smiled tightly, "it's too bad he's dead and can't

gloat about it.”

“Your dad wasn’t afraid to go after the real money,” Billy said, “he had more balls than Harrington could ever hope to have. I have a group of guys, we all agree that we can overthrow him and make a better charter.” He reached out, tapping Jonathan’s stethoscope childishly, “and I want you to join me.”

“I left that part of my life behind me,” Jonathan said, eyes narrowed, “Please, leave. I have work to do.” He turned away from Billy’s sneer.

He felt a hand tug at the back of his scrubs, and he moved immediately to tug the shirt back down as it was lifted but he was too late. From the look in Billy’s eyes as he whirled around to face him, Jonathan knew that he had seen the damn tattoo.

“Never covered it up,” Billy pointed out, grinning, “Still some Saints left in you, isn’t there?” he grabbed Jonathan’s shirt with tight fists and Jonathan reacted out of pure instinct. He pushed hard against Billy, ramming the bigger boy against the door, his forearm immediately coming up to batter into Billy’s face.

As soon as he did it, as soon as he felt Lonnie’s old rage bubbling inside of him, he stepped back, breathing hard. “Shit.” He bit his bottom lip roughly, staring at Billy.

His nose busted, the blue-eyed male smiled wickedly, pushing himself off against the door. “You’d make one hell of an asset to my club,” he said, running the back of his hand over the bloodied skin, “We can take down the Saints, what you’ve always wanted.” He moved out the door, “Consider my offer, Byers.”

Jonathan sat down at his desk. He looked at his bruised knuckles and leaned back against his seat. He slammed his fist down against the table, hissing as the pain licked up his arm.

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“You left it the same.” Jonathan breathed, his fingers reaching out to lift the cut from the drawer. He stroked the familiar material, staring at his patches.

"Of course I did." Steve murmured, gently taking the cut. He turned it, opening it for Jonathan to slide his arms through and then moving away once Jonathan had it on. He stared, his breath escaping him slowly.

He looked exactly like he did five years ago, when they were just teenagers.

"Why did you want to put it back on?" he asked, curious.

"I met Hargrove," Jonathan replied quietly, staring at his reflection in the full-length mirror inside of the clubhouse.

Steve felt his shoulders tense. "What? The asshole came looking for you?"

"He wanted to recruit me," Jonathan murmured, turning around and staring at himself from another angle. "Said he wanted to take down the Saints...what I'd always wanted."

Steve swallowed hard, "Do...did you...?"

"If there's going to be a war," Jonathan began, finally looking away from the mirror and looking back to Steve, "Then I'm going to fight." He smiled, "at your side. With the Saints. The way it should be."

"Jonathan," Steve breathed, reaching out to the smaller male, "but you...the hospital..."

"If they find out, then I'll deal with it," Jonathan said calmly. "I ran away from the club, from you, before. I won't do it again." He grabbed Steve's hands, "You said you turned the club around...I believe you. I trust you." He leaned up, kissing Steve's chin, "And I will fight with you."

Steve leaned down as soon as those lips touched his and he kissed back, his hands wrapping around the leather at Jonathan's back. "You'll ride with me?" he whispered against that soft mouth and those lips grinned up at him.

"I will always ride with you."

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Author's Note:

OMG, it's a decent length, right?! Jesus, I'm so bad at everything.

This was much more detailed before but I honestly think it ended up better this way.

Admittedly, this one is just a filler. Day 5 is really where I feel as though I did something good. Stay tuned!